



Miss Caroline C. Thayer,

Clifford Street,

Wm Lloyd Garrison Roxbury.
autograph

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Roxbury, August 15, 1876.

My Dear Friend:

It is but a short time since I received from you a letter of the tenderest sympathy, in view of the removal by death of my dearly beloved wife; and also bearing a most beautiful and affectionate tribute to her memory. And now that you are experiencing a great sorrow and a sore bereavement in the removal of your cherished sister Eliza, whose funeral it was my sad privilege to attend this day at Mount Auburn, I can do no less than to offer you all the condolence that the strongest personal regard and the warmest esteem can excite. In every such case it has been truly said, "Tis the survivor dies." For the dear departed one there is no more anguish or suffering, or cause for tearful

grief; for the mortal struggle has ended,
and she has entered into that rest which re-
mains for the pure in heart and the truly
good: -

"And on her closed eyes
What visions may arise,
What sights of joy to make the spirit leap;
What memories may return
From out their golden urn,
If God but giveth His beloved sleep!"

But to you, in your loveliness, how
staggering must be the blow, how sharp the
trial, how almost insupportable the separa-
tion! Not because of any false and gloomy
views of that great change which is provided
for all, and from which there is no escape
for any, - for, in itself considered, you regard
it in no other light than as a boon to the
whole human family, - but because you and
Eliza have lived so long with each other, in
each other, and for each other; rarely being
out of sight of one another even for a day,

and in ^{such} close assimilation of thought, feeling,
and beneficent action, that the vacancy created
by her absence cannot be otherwise than
overwhelming for the time being. But you
will have much to comfort and strengthen
you in the remembrance of her unselfish
nature, her unaffected modesty, her sisterly
attachment, her ever bright and genial pres-
ence, her clustering virtues; and in the un-
questioning assurance that she has passed
on to a higher life, yet not so far removed
that she cannot be a ministering spirit,
drawn to you by magnetic forces over which
time and decay exert no restraint.

"Why flees our sunlight? Not that we
Should in thick darkness shrouded be;
But that to others it may bear
A morning fresh, a noonday fair.
So they whose loss leaves us in night
Have journeyed to give others light.

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"How goes our sunlight? Not for aye:-
'I will make for us yet many a day;
And no old yesterday more sweet
Than the new morrows we shall greet.
So they from whom we part in pain
Shall come to bring us joy again."

Your estimable brother Lowell kindly spoke to me at the grave, and said if he had known I was present in the Chapel at the time of the services, he would have requested me to participate in them. But the tribute bestowed by Rev. Mr. Hinckley was feelingly and beautifully expressed, and mine would have been only a repetition.

To-morrow I leave home for a few days' sojourn at the Glen House, in New Hampshire, in company with Harry and her children. On my return I will call upon you.

Yours in sorrow as in joy,
Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Miss Caroline C. Thayer.